Dear Mrs. I hope among the titles I've suggested you will find some little song you like. Not love —

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

1932.

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Twelve Songs

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

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1

To Maude Wellings Bronson.

When I Bid The World Good Night.

Words by CATHCART BRONSON. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

mp *p*

I hope there will be a sunset

gold-en, When I bid the world good-night; I

hope there will be no lead-en sky For clouding my fail-ing

sight. And I want to sail down the crim-son west When the o-cean rocks the

Poem from Mr. Bronson's book of "Soul Imortal."

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rall. *a tempo.*

sun to rest And the stars shine out on eve's fair breast, When I

rall. *a tempo.*

bid the world good - night. I

rall. *a tempo.*

hope they will surge a flood of song To drive a - way ev - 'ry

fear, A croon - ing breeze 'mid the list - 'ning trees As the

twi-light draw - eth near, And I want to hear the nest - ing bird, And the

rall. a tempo.

tink - ling bells of the hom - ing herd, A sooth - ing voice and a

rall. a tempo.

ten - der word When I bid the world good - night,

rall. a tempo.

pp

good - night, good - night.

To Mabel Geneva Sharp.

TIME MAKES ALL BUT LOVE THE PAST.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Con espressione.

p

rall. *pp*

p

The birds don't sing as sweet-ly as they did when I was young, I
I used to love the twi-light, to hear the crick-et sing, But

see the sun-beams thro' a mist, Yet sor-row makes us strong; And
now the time 'twixt day and night Can on-ly sor-row bring. How

as I hear the ech-o of a voice I knew of old, A
sad to part from those we love, how hard to say good-bye, But

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gain I hear the harp - si - chord, a - gain this song is told.
lis - ten to the harp - si - chord, old songs can nev - er die.

L.H. *rall.*

Grazioso.

Time makes all but love the past, Love is ev - er new; Should the dark-ness

gath-er fast I could still see you. I could hear your voice so sweet

rall. *a tempo.*

singing thro' the years, I could see the face I loved thro' a mist of tears.

rall. *a tempo.*

1 2

To Mr. Edwin Wareham.

LINGER NOT.

Words anonymous.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Lin-ger not long, home
Andante espressivo.
is not home without thee, Its dear-est tok - ens do but make me yearn;
Oh, let its mem -'ry like a chain a - bout thee Gent - ly compel and hasten

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thy re - turn. Yet I should grieve not

mf

tho' the eye that see - eth Gaz-eth thro' tears that make its splendor dull,

For oh! I some times fear when thou art with me, My cup of hap-pi-ness is

all too full; My cup of hap-pi-ness is all too full.

To Mr. Edwin Wareham.

LINGER NOT.

Words anonymous.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante espressivo.

Lin-ger not long, home

is not home without thee, Its dear-est tok - ens do but make me yearn;

Oh, let its mem -'ry like a chain a - bout thee Gent - ly compel and hasten

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mf

tho' the eye that see - eth Gaz-eth thro' tears that make its splendor dull,

For oh! I some times fear when thou art with me, My cup of hap-pi-ness is

all too full; My cup of hap-pi-ness is all too full.

To Mr. Charles W. Clark.

UNTIL GOD'S DAY.

Words by FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

p Recit.

A lit-tle while to walk with

Patetico con espress.

p

poco rit.

p

you my own, On.- ly a lit - tle way_

Then one of us must weep and walk a - lone un - til God's day.

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A lit - tle while it is so sweet to live to - geth - er,

That I know life would not have one tear to give,

pp

If one of us should go, if one of us should

rit.

pp

rit.

a tempo.

go. And if these lips should ev - er learn to smile

a tempo.

cresc appassionato

With your heart far from mine, 'Twould be for

f *rit. e dim.*

joy that in a lit - tle while They should be kissed by

colla voce.

f *rit. e dim.*

mf *a tempo.* *pp*

thine, by thine; 'Twould be for joy they should be

mf *rall.* *a tempo.* *pp*

rit.

kissed by thine.

rit. *a tempo.* *p*

LOVE'S SACRED TRUST.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante maestoso.

mf

p

ff

p

If you would smile on me, oh love divine, If

I could know that you were tru - ly mine, The sky would be for - ev - er

rall.

blue to me, The birds would sing on ev -'ry bloss'ming tree. If

rall.

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a tempo.

I could know you would re - turn my smile, If I could know I could your

a tempo.

cres - - - - cen - -

heart beguile, Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were yours and you were

cres - - cen -

- - - do. *f*

true to me; Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were

- - - do. *f*

rall. a tempo. *p*

yours and you were true to me. And when the vigils of the

rall. a tempo. dim. *p*

Love's sacred trust.

night I keep, And know that your dear eyes are closed in sleep, Then in my wretchedness I

pray to be, If not in life, to live in dreams with thee. I dreamed last night all thro' the

cres - cen - do.

lone-ly hours, I dreamed a-gain the old dream, love of you, Oh sacred trust, you said you

cres - cen - do.

f rit. a tempo. *mp*

loved me, I wake and find it sweetly true..... Now

f rit. a tempo. *mp*

Love's sacred trust.

mine the happiest life that e'er could be, The sun shines thro' the clouds for you and me, And

f cres - - - - - cen - -

all the sun-beams follow in your wake, And life is sweet to me for

f cres - - cen - -

- - - do. *ff*

your dear sake, And . by our love on earth our heav'n we make, For I am

do. *ff*

a tempo.

rall.

yours, my own true love.....

rall. a tempo. 8

Love's sacred trust.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lowel T. Field.

Over Hills And Fields Of Daisies.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Dolce.

mp

p

O - ver hills and fields of dai - ses,
"I love you" the dai - sies tell me,

rall.

p

Once we wan - dered light of heart,
As the snow - y pet - als part,

Now I'm dream - ing
And at last I

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you are with me, We to - geth - er ne'er to part.
hold the yel - low Of the gold with - in its heart.

You say - ing Oh, I love you, Love like mine will
Tho' at last the flow'r is sev - ered, Those white pet - als

mf

poco rit. *a tempo.*

e'er be true, O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies
are its own, And the heart of gold is wait - ing

poco rit. *p a tempo.*

1 2

You are say - ing "I love you".
For the pet - als it has known.

molto rall. *molto rall.*

pp

3. Now the hills and all the dai - sies Lie be - neath the

p *Parpeggimente.*

si - lent snow, Still I'm dream - ing of you dear - est,

And I won - der if you know That your form is

poco rit.

still be - side me That your voice rings in my ear.

poco rit.

a tempo.

O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies, Till I feel that

a tempo.

rall.

you are here.

rall. *morendo.* *ppp*

When I Am Dead, My Dearest.

Words by CHRSTINA ROSETTI. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante tranquillo.

pp

When I am dead, my dear - est,
I shall not see the shad - ows,

rall.

pp

Sing no sad songs for me,
I shall not feel the rain,

Plant thou no ros - es
I shall not hear the

at my head, Or shad - y cy - press tree;
night - in - gale Sing - ing its sad re - frain;

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mf

Be the green grass a - bove me, With tears or dew - drops
But dreaming o'er the twi - light, That doth not rise or

mp

wet, _____ And if thou wilt, re - mem - ber,
set, _____ Hap' - ly I may re - mem - ber

rall. *p*

And if thou wilt, for - get.
Or hap'-ly may for - get.

rall.

morendo. *dim.* *ppp*

THE DEAR AUF WIEDERSEHN.

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

Say not "good-bye" the sounds have all re -
Say not "a-dieu" the word has hidden

mf

gret, I cannot loose your hand with such a word, Our ways part
pain, Within its foreign accents sweet and clear, That haunts my

decresc.

here and yet ah love and yet, I can-not leave you till my soul has
heart with sad and hopeless strain, And pleads with duty just to linger

decresc.

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heard, The charm to bring me to your side a - gain. The
here, Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O love and then. The

p *mf*

dear Auf Wiedersehn "Auf Wie - der - sehn," The charm to bring me to your
dear Auf Wiedersehn "Auf Wie - der - sehn," Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O

f

con espressione. *p ad lib.*

side a - gain, The dear "Auf Wie-der-sehn," The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn!"....
love and then, Whisper "Auf Wie-der-sehn," Whisper "Auf Wie - der - sehn!"....

mf *p*

p mp

Say not "fare - well" if thou wouldst have it so— The word, like

8

p mp

a wan hand wave us a - part, I cannot leave, "mein liebling" will not

8

mf rit. a tempo. cresc.

go, Un - til you whisper, lying on my heart . . . . . The

8

mf rit. a tempo. cresc.

mf *cresc.*

gol - den bridge between the now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn","Auf

mf *cresc.*

f

Wie - der-sehn," The gol - den bridge be - tween the

f

ad lib.

p

now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn" The sweet"Auf Wieder - sehn".....

p

To Mrs. Clara Henning Bussing.

A BAD DREAM.

Words by JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

mf

Up the morn-ing glo-ry vine the dreams are flock-ing To

whisper in my ba-by's drowsy ears, And to sooth his sleep with songs and gentle

rock-ing. But a naught-y lit-tle dream brings up the rear, And it

whispers, "all a-lone, poor frighten'd chick-en, And they haven't laid your bot-tle in your

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crib; There's a pin that in a mo-ment will be stick-ing, I can

see it get-ting read-y in your bib, And they've laid too man-y cov-er-lids a-

bove you, O, if I were you I'd make my pres-ence known. I sup-

pose your fam-'ly real-ly think they love you, But they left you for an hour all a-

lone."

There's a whimper - ing, a screaming, loud and

zeal - ous, A cry of "mother's com-ing" from the hall, And that

naughty dream has vanished down the trell-is, Where the morn-ing glo-ry clambers on the

wall.

8

morendo.

To Miss Lillian Berry Reid.

I WAS DREAMING_MAY-BE.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

p

Per-chance my tho'ts were wide a-wake, Or I was dream-ing_

may-be, As I sat rocking to and fro, My arm a-round my

mf

ba-by. And as I sang, a mys-tic spell Changed all this world com-

mf

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plete-ly. An - oth - er mother, sing-ing, sat And rock'd her ba - by

rall. *a tempo.*

sweet - ly The vis - ion fled, yet well I know, Tho' I was dream-ing_

rall. *a tempo.*

ma - by, Far down the fu - ture sits my child,

rit. *poco a poco.*

rocks my ba - by's ba - by.

To Grace Duffie Boylan.

THE BIRD SONG.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

1. My ba - by is so tired to-night, She does not like the can - dle light, The
2. The lit - tle birds have gone to rest, The ma - ma bird sits by the nest, The
3. If I could shield you from all care, And keep your face for - ev - er fair, As
lit - tle head will soon be pressed, A - gainst her ma - ma's lov - ing breast, And
lit - tle stars be - gin to shine, To light the sky for sleep - y time, And
now I see it while you sleep, These eyes of mine no more would weep, This

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ma - ma's song will sound the best. So by - lo, by - lo,
make it bright sweet child of mine. So
heart of mine its peace would keep. So

8
8
loco

lit - tle ba - by sleep, So by - lo, by - lo,

God his watch will keep, Oh ba - by mine, how fond-ly I love

you, Oh ba - by mine, a mothers love is true.

To Mrs. Florence R. Magnes.

Mother's Three Ages Of Man.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Vivace.

f

Allegretto.

1. Oh! time has tak-en my ba - by a - way, My ba - by I loved so
3. Now a girl has tak-en my man a - way, My man that I loved so

p

well, And the lul - la - by song he has tak - en a - long, And the
well, And the big strong arm that could shield from harm, Just be -

rea - son he will not tell, But time said, "Do not grieve, for I'm
longs to a girl named Nell, And I'm grow-ing old, and the

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go-ing to leave In the cradle where he has slept, A mem-'ry sweet of the
world's growing cold, But of course, as he is a man, He will have to go, and its

ba-by a-sleep, Since a-way from your arms he's crept.
bet-ter so And I'll do the best I can.

Vivace.

Allegretto.

2. O! time has tak-en my

boy a-way, My boy that I loved so well, And the march for fun with the

lit - tle gun, And the tales that he used to tell, But time

said, "Do not grieve, for I'm go - ing to leave A man who will care for

you, With a big, strong arm that can shield from harm, And a

D.C. After 3rd Verse.

heart that is brave and true.

D.C. *f molto vivace.*

A NEW SONG

by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

"The Birds"

Being sung by MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

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